To Lose You

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Summary

Will stood there in the icy cold of the prison cell. Every breath he inhaled, hurt his lungs and every breath he exhaled, came out like a heavy fog of moisture that disappeared within an instant.

He looked down to see that he was in his prison jumpsuit, the eye watering shade of orange making him squint and quickly look away. He swallowed what little spit he had in his mouth and inspected the room around him, just the same as it had always been.

Except he knew that this time, he'd be in there permanently.

Notes

This is my first Hannigram fic so I hope you enjoy!

Kudos and comments are always appreciated! <3

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No longer had he been wrongly accused, no longer had been innocent of the crimes put up against him. No longer was he clueless about what had happened.

No, Will knew exactly what he had done.

He had enjoyed the way his knife had cut so easily into the flesh of that man, to watch his skin be sliced like the softest of butter and for the hot red of blood to gush over his hands and face. He lapped his tongue up to taste it, metallic and coppery, just how he remembered it.

When the police had caught him, he'd put up no fight. Jack had looked on within the crowd of officers who had arrived at the scene. He looked disappointed, maybe even disgusted to see that the Will Graham he once knew, no longer existed.

What really shocked people when they read up on Will's case, was his condition. There was controversy to whether or not it would be morally right to lock the killer up if it meant threatening the life of the child currently inside him.

But Jack was adamant that he was taken to Baltimore and to be locked up inside Chilton's hell hole that he called a mental hospital and Will was hurt by that demand and just because he was pregnant, didn't mean that Chilton was soft on him when he did finally arrive.

Psychologically, Will felt himself becoming more and more lost. Chilton messed with his mind, made him forget things like his past life and the people he used to care about. Alana no longer existed to him when she visited, merely another therapist attempting to get into his head.

But there was one person that Chilton always talked to Will about, even mocked him about and referred to when Will found his pregnancy becoming more noticeable.

And that person, happened to be Hannibal Lecter.

The younger man blinked as he came back to reality, the cold cell still surrounding him, having to hug his arms which wasn't easy over the large belly beneath them. He'd been malnourished, his body literally skin and bone despite the bulge sticking out of it.

He had no idea how long he was going to last in this hell hole.

That was, until suddenly, a sharp pain tore through Will and he arched over, holding his stomach as he realised the pain had emanated from there.

Will called for a guard but none seemed to react to his cries so he was left to stand there, the pain getting worse and his breathing getting heavier as he felt the heat of blood start spilling out of him.

It ran almost like a tap, constantly gushing as it began to pool around his feet, soaking and staining the once orange jumpsuit into a nasty dark red that reminded him that this was not normal. He was about to call out again once the blood had reached the bars of his cell but then there was another agonizing pain.

And all of a sudden, Will needed to push.

Dropping to his knees onto the blood drenched floor, Will pulled his jumpsuit pants off and threw them into the puddle around him. He did as his body commanded, no guards coming to help him still as he pushed and pushed, feeling something beginning to emerge from inside him.

With one last laboured push, Will felt something slip out of him and he put his hands out behind him to catch it, it was slippery and warm and yet, it was not moving. With shaking, bloodied hands, Will brought it in front of him and stared at what had emerged.

It was his child, half-developed and tinged blue with what seemed to be caused from asphyxiation. The infant was loose in his arms, no movement made and no cries which was expected from a new-born child. But Will knew that this child was not meant to be born.

They had died inside him and with that, so had Hannibal.

The child had been the last remnants and memories that Will would have of Hannibal and yet now, they were dead. They hadn't even seen the light of day, seen the one who had carried them until their unplanned birth.

Will gently put the child down in the puddle of blood and looked up at the ceiling and then back down at his hands, at the baby on the floor and the jumpsuit beside him. Everything, everything was covered in blood.

He used to be so excited to see the sight of blood but now, now he hated it. He punched the ground so that the blood splashed up like a thick puddle of water, he punched again and again until it had sprayed onto his face, into his hair and down onto his chest.

He kept on punching and then he threw his head back, closed his eyes, took a deep breath and then screamed as hard as he could.

"Will, Will can you hear me? I need you to wake up"

Blinking away the nightmarish images and opening his eyes, Will looked around him and realised he was no longer in his prison cell. He was lying in bed, Hannibal's bed to be exact and he was covered in head to toe with a thick sheen of sweat.

When he turned around, he saw that a certain man was sat up beside him and had a hand resting on his face, touching his tear-stained cheek and wiping away the tears that still fell. “H-Hannibal?” The younger man questioned, his voice shaking and strained by his night terror screams.

“I’m glad you’re awake Will. You were screaming and shaking in your sleep, I am to assume that you were having a nightmare?” The man in questioned nodded his head and slowly sat up, looking down at his pillow and the mattress to see they were soaked in sweat. “S-sorry about the sh-sheets”

Hannibal smiled tenderly and cupped Will’s face, stroking gently as a way to soothe him. “It’s fine, I’ll have them washed tomorrow. My concern is more with you Will, would you like to tell me about your nightmare?” His hand slipped up into his hair, entwining his curls through his fingers which had Will closing his eyes at the comfort given to him.

“I-I don’t think I want to…” His eyes trailed down and this relieving sensation flooded over him when he saw that his stomach still carried a bulge and there was no blood between his thighs, covering the sheets and covering his hands. The baby was fine and he had never felt so happy.

The other man noticed where his eyes had travelled down to and he rested his other hand onto his bump, moving closer to him and kissing his lips softly. “Was it about Abigail?” Hannibal asked very gently in order not to hit a nerve inside Will.

Tears filled up in his eyes and he nodded his head in a sorrowful fashion, his shaking hand resting on top of Hannibal’s as he could feel their daughter kicking inside him and it made him feel even more relieved. “I dreamt I lost her Hannibal, that I lost you”

Hannibal bit down on his lower lip and he leaned in to kiss Will once again, resting their foreheads together and smiling when he felt Abigail kick against his hand.

“You know that will never happen though Will, because while you’re here. Under my care, I shall never let anything happen to our Abigail or myself. Do you understand?”

Will blinked away his tears and gave his husband a small smile, as much as he could manage. “I-I understand”

“Good, now shall we get you into the shower? I doubt you’ll be able to fall asleep now that Abigail is awake” The younger man chuckled and nodded his head, slowly getting up off the bed and standing by the side of it as he waited for Hannibal.

Walking over beside him, Hannibal pulled Will into a loving hug and ran his hands through his hair as he soothed him and kissed at his temple. “You know I love you Will, I love you and I love that you’re carrying my child. I will always be there to protect you”

Resting his chin on his shoulder, Will again smiled half-heartedly and held the other man as tightly as he could. “I know, I love you too” He moved away and pulled off his shirt, before making his way to the bathroom.

Hannibal just looked on as he left the room, appreciating what he now had and just hoping that one day, his husband will feel the same.

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